

W&M PRES GOES BERSERK OVER QUIZNOS FLUB PAGE 3



The Fat Head



NICHOL

SMASH!



ALIENS!

SA elects
are from
outer
space
PAGE 3



The Fat Head

**JON STEWART
ADOPTED**



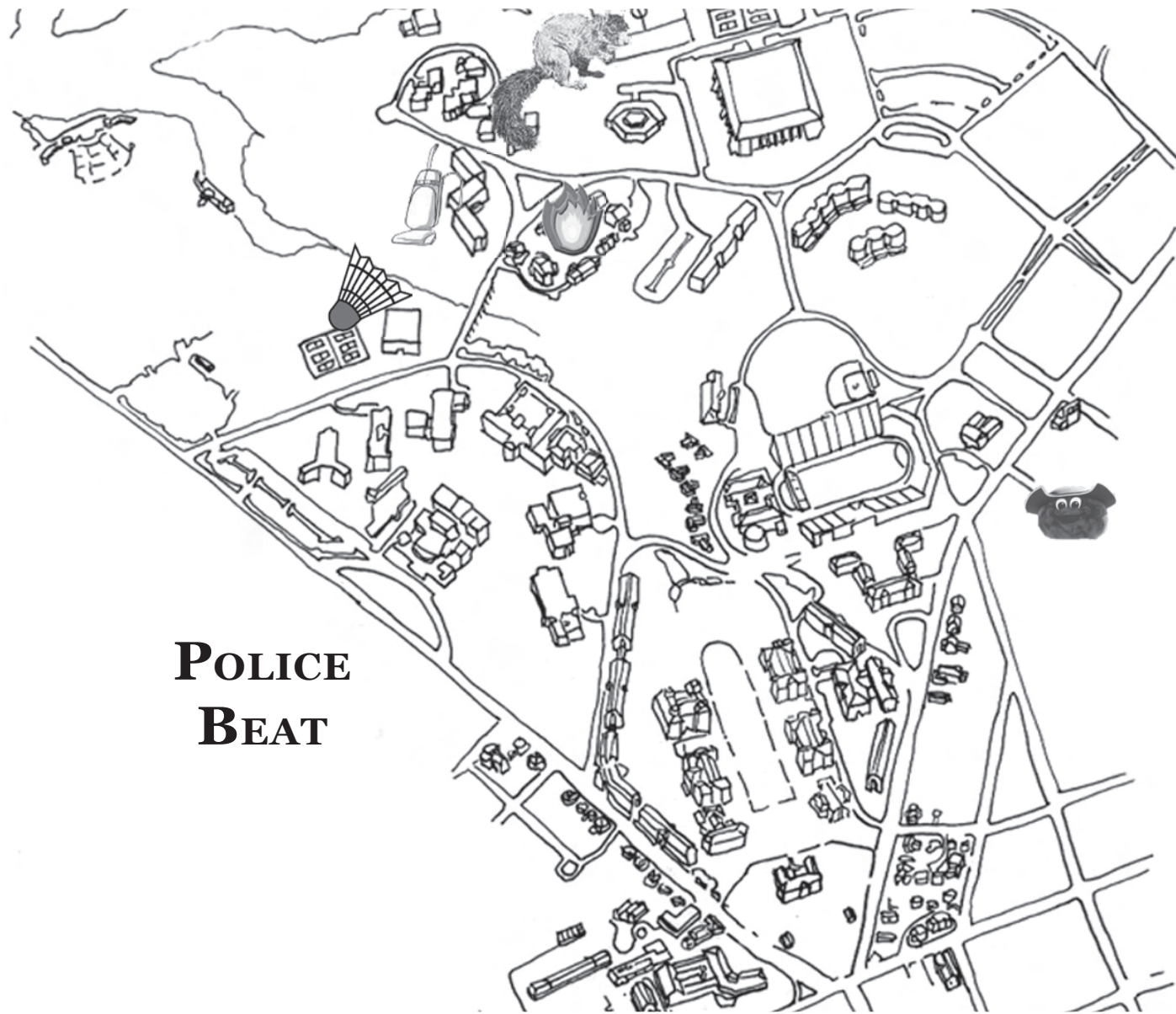
Dad?



Mom?



POLICE BEAT



Friday, March 24 — A group of housekeepers in Dupont, tired of cleaning up vomit and old Chanello's boxes, finally snapped and smothered several students in that pink soap they have in the bathrooms.

Saturday, March 25 — The famed statue of Thomas Jefferson was stolen, leaving a gaping hole where it once stood. James Madison is a primary suspect, police say.

— A clan of especially aggressive rodents involved in a genetic engineering experiment for the biology department have broken loose in Millington. They have taken several biology professors hostage and are demanding their freedom and a wheel of cheese from Wawa.

Sunday, March 26 — In a late afternoon display of fire and smoke, Preston

burned to the ground for the second time in less than a year. Police suspect a faulty rice cooker to be the cause of the conflagration and are investigating student allegations against the Arabic House and their irresponsible cooking habits.

— Police arrested Colonel Ebirt, former College mascot and touter of the green and gold, on a drunk in public charge, after

spotting him waddling dizzily from Zable Stadium to Wawa. Police believe that his recent termination from College staff drove him to drink superfluously.

Monday, March 27 — Ambulances responded to a frantic 911 phone call from the Center Court Dining Hall around 8:30 a.m., after a student fell to the floor beside the bagel station, unconscious. Upon arrival, medical staff could find no trace of the body, and police caution students to check their sandwich meat routinely.

— Three students charged the Student Health Center with malpractice after they were diagnosed with pregnancy. All three students are male.

Tuesday, March 28 — A distressed student contacted police, begging them to control Botetourt's sudden infestation by hundreds of rabid squirrels from the surrounding woods.

— Someone did some stuff and stuff happened so we had, like, filler text and stuff and that's it.

Wednesday, March 29 — Police uncovered Alpha Phi Omega fraternity's underground "escort service." Members lost campus housing and are required to perform 172 hours of community service per week.

— Police arrested 23 Sunken Garden streakers for indecent exposure and refusal to comply with police's orders to clothe themselves and cease their cacophonous chants of "hark upon the gale."

Thursday, March 30 — Police surrounded Adair Gymnasium after the Badminton Club took hostages, threatening them with death by shuttlecock. Their demands include a badminton-exclusive gymnasium and varsity status.

— A student was arrested for jaywalking. After The Flat Hat called the police station and told police that this charge was not interesting enough to make the Police Beat, the charge was changed to crossing with intent to kill.

— *compiled by yo' mama*

STREET BEATING:

How do you like it when we hit you with this broom, bi-atch?



Omg, stop, wtf. I'm telling my RA. At least it's better than reading The Cavalier Daily.

♦ Kubla Zhan, sophomore



This isn't even a broom.

♦ DJ Jazzzzzzzzy Josh, junior



I wish I was back in my dorm room, alone and safe with my one true love ... the facebook.

♦ Turd Ferguson, senior



Conveniently, getting hit with a broom just happens to be my "thing."

♦ Jonthon Seedunnn, sophomore



I got Speedpass, son.

♦ Arizona Southern, senior

— *photos and interviews by yo' mama's mama*

Nichol terrorizes campus, gorges self

BY MICHAEL J. SKETCHBALL
FAT HEAD SENIOR STAFF WRITER

Members of the College community fled in terror mid-day Tuesday as a rampaging College President Gene “the Rage” Nichol tore through the University Center in search of horseradish sauce. The carnage finally ended three hours later, when the Colonial Williamsburg militia subdued the President as he attempted to tear the roof off the Capitol.

The trouble began around noon, when a reportedly jovial-looking Nichol strolled over to Quiznos for his usual six-foot chicken carbonara.

“I made his order just like usual, even threw in a few extra chickens,” dining services chef Shenequa Jackson reported.

But when Jackson was unable to locate a fresh tube of horseradish sauce, Nichol’s jolly temperament darkened. The President became highly agitated, tearing at his clothes and letting loose a furious howl as he beat his chest in anger.

“It was awesome, like Lou Ferrigno in the Incredible Hulk but like three times bigger and more badass,” junior electrical engineering concentrator William Swagger said. “And he became red as cobblestone and smoke started flaring out of his nose.”

Jackson tried to soothe the President, but to no avail.

“I told that boy to just relax now, Keshawna would run up to Center Court and see what they got,” she said. “But then he started in with talk about how he was gonna hark upon my gale or somethin’ if I didn’t find the sauce quick. I told him I was agonna stick my foot up his gale if he don’t watch his mouth.”

Nichol tossed Jackson aside like a low carb veggie wrap and proceeded to tear through the Quizno’s kitchen. Finding nothing but moldy bread and rat meat, Nichol released another eardrum-shattering shout, and set his sights on the Sexchange. After devouring the store’s entire supply of su-

shi and skittles, but finding no horseradish, Nichol made his way upstairs, leaving a trail of Blue Books in his wake. In the Center Court, Nichol continued his ravenous rampage, seeming to make no distinction between the tasty offerings of dining services and the students who were enjoying them.

Several students reported getting lost in Nichol’s formidable mane.

“It was like, the grossest thing ever,” freshman fashion design concentrator Maria Marquette bawled afterward. “One second I was, like, waiting in line for a taco salad, and the next I was swept up in this knotty, damp forest of brown stuff. I tried to find a way out, but the fur, like, completely obscured all light. I could hear the screams of other captives, but they were so faint. I even saw one kid get eaten by a pack of, like, 20-foot tall lice. Like, OMG.”

Through with smashing the University Center, the now 12-story President turned toward Colonial Williamsburg, crushing James Blair, Tyler and Monroe Halls, as well as the Wren Building on his way.

Campus Police were called in to contain the president, but could offer little help.

“I’ve busted plenty of heads in my day,” Lt. Sergeant Dawn Chalice said. “They’re usually connected to drunken students chilling at a party. They go down easy. I’ve never had to subdue anything as big and hairy as Gene Nichol.”

In desperation, the Campus Police called in the Virginia National Guard for backup. The Guard confronted Nichol outside the Capitol, unleashing a massive air-ground assault, which included Patriot missiles and Apache helicopters. Despite obliterating what remained of Colonial Williamsburg, the artillery seemed to have no affect on the President, who noticed nothing in his insatiable search for horseradish.

Finally, when all seemed lost, the Colonial Williamsburg

See NICHOL ♦ page 6



JON HOMISIEDEN ♦ THE FLAT HAT

Sammy Sanddler fruitlessly runs for his life in the wake of the angered and all-powerful Gene Nichol. Nichol was reportedly set off by a horseradish deficiency at Quiznos.

‘Scotron,’ ‘Norr Unit’ from Mars; students indifferent

BY JON HOMISIEDEN
FAT HEAD INTERGALACTIC CORRESPONDANT

In an astonishing revelation, SA President Ryan Scofield and Vice President Amanda Norris admitted to being aliens from the planet Mars. The shocking announcement came at a joint press conference held by the pair Thursday.

“Amanda and I are, have been and always will be, aliens from Mars,” Scofield said. “We came to Earth on a mission for our Supreme Directorate to infiltrate the United States government, beginning at the collegiate level. After running for and receiving a historic second term as SA President and Vice President, we feel we can move on to greater and more important infiltrations. Plus, your party scene is lame.”

Scofield also states that his true name was actually “Scotron.” He referred to his running mate as “Norr Unit.”

The student body was, as a whole, shocked. Close friends of Scotron and Norr Unit reported having “no idea” that they were inhuman.

“I knew they were kind of weird, but I just

assumed [Scotron] was Canadian or something,” senior Dona Zist said.

Scotron and Norr Unit each have a severe green tint to their skin, and notable features include Norr Unit’s extra eyes and Scotron’s tentacle arms.

“By the way,” Scotron said, “it sucks to have tentacle arms on Earth, ya’ll are totally obsessed with the whole opposable thumb thing.”

When students were asked about these unusual traits, most students responded by admitting that they were unaware of the existence of both the SA and its officers. Other students reported they did not know that anything was different about them.

“Yeah, I noticed the green and the antenna and such, but I just thought they were part of our diversity initiative,” sophomore Jack Mc-Whitey said.

Naturally, being such William & Mary students, many questioned the initial statement of Scotron stating that they “will always be aliens.” Students wondered how the pair would remain aliens once they returned to Mars. This was answered shortly afterward by Norr Unit.

“See, on Mars, the native beings are actually called ‘aliens,’ so when we refer to aliens, we refer not to the silly conventions humans have about foreign and native beings, but of our species,” Norr Unit said.

Many students were curious to hear what the aliens had learned in their tenure on Earth. Many asked questions about the nature of their infiltration into the government; these students were vaporized by a small laser device.

“We are mystified by the prevalence of breakfast food on Earth,” Norr Unit said. “On Mars, breakfast usually just consists of a glass of Yartbluk milk and a croissant. We were fascinated by the variety in taste and color of what humans eat to end their rest.”

Scotron continued, saying “We actually prepared a report for the Directorate about breakfast on Earth, including catalogues of different cereals, classified primarily by color. Aliens on Mars are fascinated by humans’ obsession with the consumption of foods colored with chemicals.”

When asked why they were announcing their status as aliens, the pair responded that they had been trying to hint at it for weeks, but

to no avail, and were just tired of it.

“You think we have to look like this?” Scofield asked the crowd. “We can look like perfectly normal human beings if we want to. We’ve been speaking in Martian, allowing our true forms to be shown, talking about how we’re from a different planet. We’ve been dropping hints like Sam Sadler sends e-mails. Why didn’t you lug heads catch on?”

When students were asked why Scotron and Norr Unit were never suspected to be aliens, the answer was quite uniform.

“I just thought they were Canadian, and speaking some weird form of Canadeese I’d never heard of,” one student said.

After a 30-minute diatribe on the wonders of artificial food dyes, the majority of the once-intrigued audience had departed, leaving only a few photographers and reporters. At the end of the press conference, Scotron and Norr Unit began vibrating and glowing a brilliant blue, then disappeared into a line bound home toward Mars.

Jon Homisieden is chief of the ET desk at The Flat Hat. His only weaknesses are kryptonite and chocolate cake.

STAFF EDITORIAL

OMFG

It's time for us to come clean. The truth must be revealed. The jig is up. The ship has sailed and the cat is clawing its way out of the proverbial bag. We, The Flat Hat, are wasted right now. Really, really wasted.

We're writing this editorial because we just want you, our readers, to know that we, like, love you guys. No, seriously. We love you, for real. You get it; you get us. Omg, we promised ourselves we weren't going to cry.

No, we're fine. We probably shouldn't have chugged that last Beast Ice. Christ are we wrecked.

Hold on, what were we talking about? Dude, did you see the news editor pound those ten SoCo shots? Fucking sweet. That guy knows how to party, huh?

Ok, so, like, don't get pissed or anything, but we still haven't made this week's paper. I know, I know... we were supposed to have done it already. It's just that the variety editor scored some killer bud, and we still had "Harold and Kumar" downloaded on our computer from Limewire. The sports editor got it. That dude steals so much cool shit off the internet. Awesome. You remember that one scene, the one where those two dudes wear matching tuxes and then they're like, "Samsonite, I was way off."

Wait, that was "Tommy Boy." Our bad.

Anyway, what were we saying? Oh, yeah. No paper. Whatever, just chill out for a week. Go read The Washington Post or The Richmond Times-Dispatch or something. I know, it's not the same without a sex column.

Speaking of the sex column, that thing is awesome. The girl who writes it totally sits in front of us in our biology class. Did you see that one where she said "queef?" Righteous. We're not supposed to tell you guys, but the photos editor has a massive crush on her. Don't say anything, though.

Oh, shit. The opinions editor just puked in the corner. That's what she gets for downing six Malibu and pineapple juices. We'll just use our old issues to clean. it up. It's certainly not the first time The Flat Hat has been used as a vom rag.

Wait, do you guys have any nachos or anything?

We could totally go for some Chanellor's right now. We're all out of flex points, can we use yours? We promise we'll pay you back this time. Just don't tell UCAB, we still owe them like 200 bucks from that dent we put in their car last month.

Anyway, we should probably chug some Red Bull, sober up and put together a paper or something. You guys don't mind if it's short this week, do you? Let's see — news, reviews, opinions ... what? I forgot sports? No way, man. That's too funny.

Hey, we're gonna go throw empty beer cans at the SA office. You guys wanna come?

Editorial Board:

DJ Jazzzzzzzzy Josh, *The Guy We Send into ABC with a Fake ID*
Mama Wendy, *Designated Driver* ♦ Who Baby Dat?, *Sketchy*
Strange Fruit, *Drug Dealer* ♦ Kubla Zahn, *So Wasted*
Chase Wang, *Totally Wasted* ♦ Ken Doll, *Hooked up With Like 23 Babes*
Hahn Solo, *Crashed in the Corner* ♦ Company Ink, *Tripping Face*



Letters to the Fat Head

Lefty loses patience

To the Editor:

I am writing to express my concerns about a serious case of rampant, campus-wide discrimination. The College is obscenely biased against leftys, and we will stand for it no longer. It is our belief that the loud and overbearing right-handed majority has worked to create an unfit learning environment for their diametrically opposed fellow students. The disgraceful dearth of left-handed desks in every academic building on this campus leads us to believe that major players in the right-handed movement have made shady deals with construction workers and bribed other important officials to

ensure that no room be equipped with more than one (inevitably faulty) left-handed desk. This seriously hinders the academic experience for left-handed students, and we demand that the problem be remedied immediately. Leftys unite.

—Smithfield Southpaw

Seize the squirrels

To the Editor:

During a late-night Swem study session, a rabid squirrel viciously attacked my study partner. I don't know how it got into the library, or why it attacked. Now I dream about it constantly. Please, kill all the squirrels. It's all I ask.

—S. Q. Rodentophobe,'07

Local old person whines

I was flipping through a copy of your degenerate, liberal rag The Flat Hat (which you ruffians call a student newspaper) the other day, when I stumbled on an article I felt obliged to write about. No, not the



Toby Sassafrass

sex column; I've given myself enough ulcers worrying about the eternal soul of that unrepentant harlot. It seems you kids are all up in arms because the city council wants to buy houses so you hooligans can't live there. Well, I say 'ha!' It's about time that good-for-nothing Junior

Mayor Clyde Haulman got off his derriere and started doing something for the people of Williamsburg. You dirty savages have made a mess of my town for far too long.

I know what you'll say; "But Toby, the College was here before the town, since 1693, blah, blah, blah." Well, I've been here since Aug. 2005, and I don't remember any College students running around. Back then, this was a quiet town rich with Southern hospitality. Sure, we had our problems. Too many foreigners for one, all coming from commie-eurotrash countries, stealing up the best jobs, like mopping up vomit at Busch Gardens. I won't stand for it. I only want upright, patriotic American boys cleaning up my spew when I get off Alpengeist. Not that I like them rollercoasters that much, bad for the heart.

But I digress, back to you rascals. Almost overnight, this town was transformed. I was sitting on my porch enjoying the fine southern rain one morning, when truckloads of nasty college students began pouring in. Now I can't seem to escape you

delinquents. Everywhere I look, some student is helping an old lady cross the street, tutoring little kids in algebra or trying to "save" the Chesapeake Bay. What's this town becoming? I miss the days when I was free to decay in peace.

Now you've got some upstart criminal named Seger looking to run for city council on a platform of community togetherness or some other socialist nonsense. Never trusted that name, Seger, what with their "night moves" and all. If we ain't made it clear, let me spell it out for you: we don't like your kind around these parts. If you haven't noticed, we're real traditional in this here colonial town. When you radicals try to move in and take over, what with your hip-hop music and your so-called "higher education," we get real nervous.

What's all this college business about anyway? I ain't never attended no school, and I ain't never needed it neither. My pappy set me down on his knee when I was a little boy and showed me the only book I ever read, the only one that matters: the Bible, the illustrated children's edition, that is. Now, maybe I didn't grasp all the concepts, but I saw those pictures of Sodom and Gomorrah; that cesspool you thugs are running down there is chillingly similar.

I reckon that I could go on for another 10,000 pages about all the terror you gangsters are causing, but that'd be a bit too much like a book, and I don't trust those much. So I'll just end it here. If you'd like to learn more about how to save your soul, stop by my place at 67351496184 Injun Springs Rd. But until you're ready to repent, stay off my lawn.

Toby Sassafrass is a discontented, grouchy old colonist. His views almost never represent those of The Fat Head, or of anyone else for that matter.

Wireless Will wrote a sex column. For real.

By the special request of the Fat Head, I am writing the sex column today. Normally, I write the World Beat column or video game reviews; I have also covered plumbing mishaps and student performances. I am not the most “experienced”

BEHIND WIRELESS DOORS



“Wireless” Will Angley

After realizing what the above would actually entail, I decided that I would write a column about Student Assembly-related sex scandals. The Fat Head has not reported on any such scandals since 1910, and they would probably make for interesting news.

Student Assembly-related sex scandals have the potential to simultaneously solve many of the issues that face the student body today. The most commonly heard complaint about the Student Assembly is that it is out of touch with students. Student Assembly members engaged in sex scandals have a unique opportunity to get in “contact” with students

and address many “pressing” issues. The more sex scandals that happen, the more responsive the Student Assembly will become!

Also, Student Assembly members involved in sex scandals would likely have the opportunity to gain first-hand knowledge of the judicial system. This knowledge will help those SA members who advocate judicial reforms to understand the system.

Finally, sex scandals would cause anyone reading a Fat Head (or Flat Hat) report on the Senate to bust up laughing every time they read the word “abstain” in the vote tallies.

[Editor’s note: He can’t actually do that, this newspaper is PG-rated.]

According to leaked information obtained by The Fat Head, a more detailed version of the guidelines is already available to Student Assembly members. The 12-page report is said to contain both comprehensive information about possible sex scandals and detailed walkthroughs on how to create them.

The Fat Head interviewed several Student Assembly members to obtain leads about sex scandals in the Student Assembly. In keeping with Fat Head tradition, most of the people interviewed were from the Undergraduate Council. Brad Potter, the class ’08 VP of Advocacy, remarked that “You know, I always wondered why the Senate meetings ran so long, but now I just don’t ask any questions.” Nick Faulkner went on record saying that “The key to a good sex scandal is knowing that the person you have an affair with will eventually go to the press.”

Members of the Senate were also eager to provide answers. Class of 2009 Senator-elect Zach Pilchen answered by analogy: “If politics is power, and power is sex, then we can con-

clude, according to common laws of logic and reasoning, that Ryan Scofield is as loose as a two-bit whore.” Class of 2008 Senator Brett Philips recommended to students, “Pay more attention to Nick Faulkner.”

Following up on Senator-elect Pilchen’s lead, the Fat Head called Ryan Scofield to find out if he was involved in any sex scandals. He told the Fat Head, “Over the past year Amanda has proven that she is a great VP, but I think she would make a better chief of my staff, if you know what I’m saying.”

— RYAN SCOFIELD,
STUDENT ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT

to reply to any questions by saying, “No comment.” Since everyone interviewed by the Fat Head provided comments, it appears that no members of the Student Assembly are creating sex scandals at this time. This is unfortunate; it indicates that the Student Assembly and the student body are missing out on the unique benefits that sex scandals can provide.

Anyone who is interested in contributing to this initiative should log on to sa.wm.edu to get contact information for SA members, or stop by the SA office (room 162) in the Campus Center.

Will Angley is a staff writer for The Fat Head. He is also known by the pseudonyms Hugh Johnson, Mike Hunt, Dick Hurtz, Amanda Hugenkiss, Dirk Diggler, Brittany Rears and in some circles, Heywood Jahblowme. His only response to this article is “no comment.”

has proven that she is a great VP, but I think she would make a better chief of my staff, if you know what I’m saying.” Amanda Norris could not be reached for comment as of press time.

The Fat Head was unable to reach any members of the Review Board or Elections Commission for comment.

According to the guidelines for creating sex scandals, anyone participating in a sex scandal is supposed

to reply to any questions by saying, “No comment.” Since everyone interviewed by the Fat Head provided comments, it appears that no members of the Student Assembly are creating sex scandals at this time. This is unfortunate; it indicates that the Student Assembly and the student body are missing out on the unique benefits that sex scandals can provide.

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Will Angley’s Guide to Sex Scandals

Step 1: Get involved with the Student Assembly.

Step 2: Have sex with someone.* In order to ensure that the sex is scandalous, try to either cheat on someone, have sex with someone in a different branch of the Student Assembly, or someone in an organization that is applying for funding. The operative phrase is “conflict of interest.”

Step 3: Obtain pictures or video of the above acts. Better yet, obtain both.

Step 4: Make sure that campus media don’t find out! Send an email to fhnews@wm.edu and chief@dogstreetjournal.com to let them know that nothing is going on. Attach the pictures from step 3 to support your case.

Step 5: When asked about your involvement, say “No comment.”

* Remember to use a condom!

Cartoonist can right good, two

BY NATE LOEHRKE
FAT HEAD STAFF RIGHTER



I’ve drawn Hulabaloo for five years, and am sick of not getting the credit I deserve. What not, and a lot of people, aren’t realizing lately is that you can’t just draw good to be a “drawer of cartoons” you need righting skills good too. Sure I can reach into this “Drawer of cartoons” and pull out some pretty bodacious drawings, but those drawings need words to be a cartoon. That isn’t to say that I’m not a great artist. Did you see that awesome Rolls-Royce I drew for the “ballet parking” cartoon? Yeah, I know. It is pretty righteous. I googled-image searched Rolls-Royce and straight up traced one. I’m awesome.

Have you ever seen a cartoon in Japanese? NOT FUNNY. I can’t even read their stupid language. Get with the real world already Japan. Not only do I write in English — the best

language — I make funny jokes in that language. Funny jokes that occasionally involve huge testicles.

Have you ever gone to a museum and seen classic paintings hanging on the walls? NOT FUNNY. Museums just have paintings of a bunch of naked people lying around, and the naked people in museum paintings don’t even have huge testicles. I don’t get it.

Have you ever seen a drawing in The Cavalier Daily? NOT FUNNY. I asked if I could draw cartoons for them once and they said, “We’re stupid. We like dog poop. What’s a newspaper?” What sorry excuses for journalists. They probably think Ben Domenech is awesome.

If you are thinking about becoming a cartoonist then I think your best idea is to die. You’ll never be good enough. I’m the only cartoonist this world ever needed. Plus I’m really good looking and have sweet side-burns. I also have very low self-esteem.

Randomtime a drunken mess again

BY ELY LEXUS
FAT HEAD DRUNKARD

Field Marshall for Student Affairs Nick Randomtime was arrested for being drunk in public last night outside of Paul's Deli. Authorities were tipped off by an anonymous source who claimed that he saw "a man pacing to and fro on the street wearing nothing but a bathing suit and a tie. His face and chest were spray-painted green and gold." Randomtime's attorney, Gene R. Nickel, released a statement to the Associated Press this afternoon.

"The patriotism shown by my client's chest paint and attire should illustrate the fact that he was responsibly intoxicated. He is a gentleman, a scholar and a contributing member to this community. It would be a shame if this minor incident should be turned against him."

Sources in the Student Affairs office said that Randomtime was visibly upset following a routine meeting of the Alcohol Task Force. After several heated verbal exchanges between Randomtime and other Task Force members, Randomtime muttered under his breath, "Gosh darn it, why won't these kids stop drinking? This campus smells like a brewery."

Grand Moff for Student Affairs Sammy Sandler did not

share Attorney Nickel's optimism. "In my 200 years here at the College, I have never seen an administration representative act so irresponsibly. He puts George Bush, Bill Clinton, Richard Nixon and Dennis Rodman all to shame."

Members of the campus community echoed Sandler's concerns about Randomtime's behavior. Second-term Student Assembly President Ryan Scotron announced his plans to add a "Committee for Reprimanding Alcoholic Persons," or CRAP, and, in a statement issued to The Fat Head, was very adamant about his desire to follow through with the plan. "We can't sit around and wait for these drunkards to take over our school. CRAP needs to happen, and it needs to happen now."

Other voices on campus took a more positive stance toward the allegations. "I'm glad this happened, in a sense," a junior sorority member, who wished to remain anonymous, said. "I'm really starting to rethink my drinking now. Because of his actions, drinking and drug use at the College have decreased over 50 percent in just 24 hours' time. Another event like this and our campus could be completely dry."

Campus Police did not return phone calls requesting a comment, but speculation would suggest that they were responding to one of the 800 noise complaints and bike thefts that occur every day at the College.



BY GRODY MCCATSMELL
FAT HEAD FACILITIES MANAGER

That Guy: Caf Man

Barry Smithson, also known as "Caf Man," is the inimitable figure always found in the Caf hunched over a stack of papers sprawled across a dining table. An elusive figure, his story has remained a complete and total mystery ... until now. Editor's Warning: this Flat Hat exclusive interview may shock you.

I think I speak for the entire undergraduate community when I say: WTF, mate?

I can certainly understand your curiosity. The fact of the matter is that I am a deep-cover CIA operative. I was sent here to investigate Doug Porkchop and his liberal publication Pinko Today. They have been snooping around Wawa's business practices. Wawa is, of course, just a front for the vast right-wing conspiracy. Though some may call Mr. Porkchop a loony conspiracy theorist, the truth is that he is very close to uncovering a massive government conspiracy. I'm here to stop him.

Wow, well, that is certainly very surprising. We have heard that several fictitious characters are actually based on your life. Is that true?

Yes, that is true. To study for his lead role in the TV show "Walker, Texas Ranger," actor Chuck Norris followed me around for a week. His famous roundhouse-kick-to-the-face move is actually mine. I let him use it in his show with the agreement that I get a royalty check every time he uses it.

Also, every movie that Steven Seagal has ever been in

was based on stuff that happened to me. Except that I'm much less fat, obviously. "Saturday Night Fever" is also about me.

You were once involved in a secret government project to experiment with cloning. Could you tell us about this experience?

Sure. Back in the early days of my career, the CIA wanted to try to clone me. I had just finished a secret mission to assassinate Elvis Presley, so I was ready for a break. Two of my clones were very successful. You might know them as "Vin Diesel" and "Mr. T." Another one of my clones got botched and was barely functional. You know that one as "George W. Bush."

After you complete your current mission for the CIA, what are your plans?

I was thinking it might be fun to try out the triathlon, or maybe just hit a few frat parties.

I've also got my eyes on the William and Mary president's office. This Gene Nichol may look tough, but he's no match for me. I plan on challenging him to a kung fu death match for the presidency. He doesn't stand a chance.

That sounds exciting. So, students love the new caf. Any big plans in food service?

Yes! I'm very excited to say we are preparing to unveil a brand new set of cookies later in the month. As you may have noticed, the Caf has been stocked with the same batch of cookies for months. Interestingly enough, they were actually baked in late 1881 for then-President James Garfield's visit to the campus.

Staff

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Michael Schobel, Jon Seiden, Andy Zahn

The editorial staff ask that you please keep in mind this is a joke, and only a joke. All events within the Fat Head are fictitious and have been invented for humor value alone.

Monsoon hits campus

BY GINNY MAO-TSE
LOCAL HOMELESS PERSON

The College campus was taken by surprise when an intense monsoon moved through today. The surprise occurred largely as a result of a walking mishap by Dungeon Master for Student Affairs Sammy Sandler. Sammy tore his left anterior crucial ligament when he tripped over debris while trying to avoid horse feces on Duke of Gloucester Street, rendering his weather forecasting abilities inoperable for the foreseeable future.

Senior Todd Henry described the massive rains as "totally brutal, man."

In an e-mail sent out shortly after the rains subsided, Sammy apologized for letting the College community down.

"I take full responsibility for failing to alert the College community to the impending monsoon. Due to my knee injury, I was unaware such a storm was threatening our campus. I hope you will accept my sincere apologies to all affected by this tragedie."

Many of the more anal students at the College pointed out the misspelling of the word "tragedy" in Sammy's e-mail.

"WTF was that about? Spelling should be priority number one for the administration. It's just a good thing that the spelling police at this College are more understanding than the Alcohol Task Force," freshman and AA member Joe Longman said.

"Who cares about monsoons?" asked freshman Annabelle Hayes. "Sammy is waaay hot. I totally forgive him."

NICHOL

FROM PAGE 3

militia marched by and put an end to the carnage.

"Well, we don't actually have any real guns," militiaman John Snyder explained. "But we let loose a full battery of authentic, colonial-era fife and drum marches. The steady, unfaltering rhythm put the beast right to sleep."

According to Commander in Chief of University Relations Willy T. Strider III, the President is recovering and should be back at his desk in the Brafferton Wednesday morning. He added that students need not worry about the damage to the University Center, Old Campus or Colonial Williamsburg, as the College still has plenty of money left in its Gene R. Nichol Destruction Fund to restore the buildings.

"Students may have a little trouble navigating among the debris, and we'll all miss the 45 students who perished in the disaster," Walker said. "But students have nothing to worry about; the College is still as hot as ever."

Dance mishap leads to disaster, indigestion

BY JED DOOFEEY
RHINESTONE COWBOY

The ballroom dancing club's quest to attain varsity status took a major hit this past weekend, as their "Dancing for Respect Rally" failed miserably due to a scheduling conflict and a whole lot of stomach aches.

"In hindsight, maybe ordering Taco Bell for our pre-dance meal was a bad choice," club president Stacy Pepper said.

Low-quality Mexican food was the least of the club's concerns, however, as the College's maintenance department had planned renovations on the room the club typically occupies for the night of the rally. The noise generated by the renovations caused some club members to act out wildly and behave erratically toward the maintenance workers.

"If that kid takes one more step toward me, I'm going to rip his [expletive] ponytail off," said maintenance worker Joe Wilson.

The owner of said ponytail is Tony Rivaldi, the club's star dancer. He is rumored to have been recruited by many of the best ballroom dancing programs in the nation, but decided to attend the College because it had a Quiznos.

"I like how they heat the meat up in a cup," Rivaldi said.

"You can't get that in the Ivy League."

Rivaldi was one of the principle organizers of the event, personally choreographing a 12 and one-half minute cha-cha to the tune of Los Lonely Boys' "Heaven." The song played on repeat until the dance number ended.

Rivaldi claimed that his club deserved legitimacy.

"You know what all this is about?" he said, as he gestured wildly at the room. "R-E-S-P-E-C-T. Find out what it means to you," he said. "Or is it me?" he added, after a short pause. "I know it's one or the other. Well, it doesn't matter. I think that song was about gay rights, anyway." The rest of Rivaldi's ramblings were then drowned out by the maintenance workers' drill.

The dance rally seemed to be off to a good start, with the energetic Latin-flavored melodies that Los Lonely Boys are known for complementing Rivaldi's smooth movements perfectly. However, one by one, backup dancers began dropping like flies, many of them grasping their stomachs. Even Rivaldi eventually yielded to the pain, briskly walking out of the room and stating that he had to "go blow up on that toilet."

At this point, "Heaven" was on its third repeat, and the maintenance workers, having learned many of the simple yet

heartfelt lyrics that the Los Lonely Boys produce on a regular basis, began having something of a spontaneous karaoke party. Pepper then began racing around the room, pleading with her pained club members to keep dancing, but to no avail. The Taco Bell meat was just too low quality. If only it weren't so delicious.

Rivaldi said that he remained "cautiously optimistic" that the club would still achieve varsity status in an interview he conducted through a bathroom stall door following the rally.

"You know, people just assume that being a ballroom dancer is all about fast cars and [making love with] multiple hot chicks at the same time," Rivaldi said. "But it's also about never being afraid to fall in love." Rivaldi choked back tears before finally snapping out of his temporary battle with emotion.

"Well, [have sexual intercourse with] me. They're out of [flipping] toilet paper," Rivaldi said.

The club is planning a make-up "Dancing for Respect Rally" for sometime in the next month. Rivaldi hopes to get Los Lonely Boys to come and perform live, but they are most likely too busy writing more amazing songs that will change the lives of those who listen to them. Nawab's Indian cuisine will cater the event.

JESUS

FROM PAGE 4x + 3y

like the water was solid ground," the witness said. "I had always assumed the second coming would be in Jerusalem. Who knew J.C. was such a Tribe fan?"

Later reports indicated that several social fraternities were heavily recruiting the eternal lord and savior.

"He would make a sick pledge," said junior Clyde Felton, rush chair for Sigma Kappa Tau. "I know he does that 'water into wine' thing. That's cool, I guess, but if he could do Natty instead? Sick. Sick."

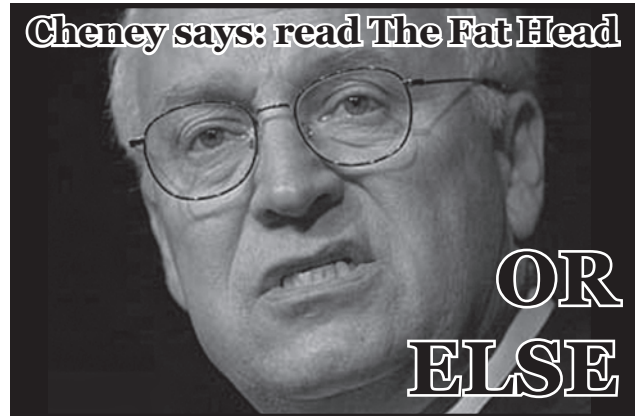
SCIENTOLOGY

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addition to stepping down from his job, Muse is now pushing to add Scientology to the list of religious winter holiday readings at next year's Yule Log ceremony.

"Flush-Your-Lithium-Down-the-Toilet-Day is an important holiday in the Scientologist tradition, going back one year. It happens every December," Muse said.

Cheney says: read The Fat Head



Chess team round-house kicks U. Phoenix, Sandler hospitalized

BY CHRIS ADAMSON
FAT HEAD PERSONALITY

The Tribe's no. 22-ranked chess team defeated no. 1 University of Phoenix Online in a major upset Wednesday night in Kaplan Arena. After the match ended, the 24,000-person crowd sat in stunned silence. They were awoken by the piercing cry of University of Phoenix Online's Tomas Efiladeeni, the top-ranked collegiate chess player in the country.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh," Efiladeeni said.

The Tribe started out with little hope of winning, as the first round brought across-the-board defeats. Senior co-captain Johnston McHewgre-Dwightstill narrowly lost his opening round, 0-1.

"It's embarrassing, really. I was up a horse and a pawn, and then [my opponent] forked me. He forked me good, and I'm not going to lie, it hurt bad," McHewgre-Dwightstill said.

The match consisted of three 30-minute rounds.

In the second round, the wheel of fortune turned for the Tribe. Redshirt freshman Rickie Valasquez began the upset with a brilliant checkmate. Though he started his game with an uninspiring Ke4, he quickly morphed his play into a variation of the Leishman Death Tourniquet. By move 23, his slowly-suffocating opponent showed physical signs of pressure.

"He was sweating drops of blood," Valasquez said.

Only three moves later, Valasquez checkmated his University of Phoenix Online opponent. That was the moment of turn-around for the Tribe. The crowd gasped as, game after game, the Tribe players emerged on top. At the end of the second round, the Tribe had tied the score 7-7. The critical third round started with two quick draws as two games ended in deadlock.

The third games also ended in a draw because of time pressue. The fourth game saw the Tribe's junior Landan O'Shnocker play a conservative defensive game. His caution paid off, as his opponent made a critical mistake in an extended piece trade, leaving O'Shnocker up one

pawn. His opponent resigned soon thereafter.

"It was a really, really, I mean really great day," Head Coach Petunia McNemises said. "The way we slammed those lousy [illegitimate children] into the dust was brilliant, just brilliant."

The match was briefly interrupted when Tribe sophomore Jim Fisher defeated his opponent, George "The Hand" Gridiron. Realizing the game was lost, Gridiron resigned by flinging his king across the room. The king hit an unobservant Vice President of Student Affairs Sammy Sandler in the forehead, knocking him to the floor. Clocks were stopped as a medical team quickly placed Sammy in the basket of his bike and wheeled him from the premises. As of printing, Sammy remains in semi-critical condition. Gridiron incurred a technical foul and was removed from the match for one game.

According to an anonymous tip from an unnamed member of the team, the chess team will host a "flippin' awesome" wine and cheese party in celebration of their win.

"We're pulling out our 1956 bottle of Cakebread Cellars cebernet sauvignon, and the Gruyere should be amazing," the source said.

The Tribe plays unranked University of Virginia tomorrow at 3 p.m. in Kaplan Arena.

Chris Adamson is a Flat Hat sports columnist. He is chief of the board games department at the sports desk, although sometimes he finds himself wondering if there shouldn't be something more to life. More than this, you know? Sometimes he just gets so tired of all the office work, the fluorescent lights, the meaningless shuffle that his life has become. Sometimes he wishes he could just run away and leave it all behind. There's this great time share he's got his eye on down in the Appalachians in North Carolina. Maybe he could meet someone and move down there, you know? Start a family, just like mom is always nagging him about. Not a family like those fake ones on TV, though. They're all broken homes now, even on TV. Chris wonders what that says about our society. It's just that kind of thing that really sets him off. He promised himself he wasn't going to cry, dammit. Keep it together Chris. Keep it together, What would Chuck Norris say if he saw you like this? Oh, Chuck...